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UNDER THE BAN THE STORY OF JULIEN MASLY'S LIFE

Light suddenly broadened the majestic silence of the peaceful ocean, a dispiriting cry arose, and for a moment troubled their slumbers.

"Help!" And the splendid steamship Equinox plunged on all unconscious of disaster, opening without effort a huge furrow through the tranquil waves, which closed lazily behind it with a gay, silver sparkle.

The crew was asleep, and only the men on watch heard the appealing cry, and in response shouted the words: "Man overboard!"

This was all that was needed to awaken everybody, and the efforts at rescue were at once begun.

"Who had the impudence to get overboard at such an unearthly hour?" cried one of the sailors. "By the noise one would think we were all in the west."

"Bah!" said the boatswain: "It was only the cabin-boy."

It was, indeed, only the cabin-boy. And hardly was he back again on deck and consequently out of danger, before a formidable oath, reinforced by the thunderous epithet "Fool!" rang in his ears, and was accompanied by the onsets of a rawhide which the poor boy knew only too well.

"How did you get into the scrap? Always making trouble for other folks! Ah! you lousy rascal! Here! take that, brigand!"

"Ah! you'll complain, will you? Wait a bit!"

The poor child's voice faltered him, and, glistening among the ropes and two-fold sails, he managed to escape the last blow aimed at him. Then, half crawling and staggering, he reached his hammock. His eyes were dry, but hatred swelled in his heart.

Julien Masly, cabin-boy of the Equinox, was that night suffering from a fever caused a few days before, and had crept away to install himself, against orders, at the bow. Little by little he had sunk away into unconsciousness of his surroundings, in that heavy helplessness which preceded feverish sleep. All at once he felt the ship going from under him, and he uttered a piercing cry as he fell into the water. That cry was heard, and the steamer Equinox, the boy was safe again.

Julien was little liked on board, and in the reality the sailors, though they would not have admitted it even to themselves, would not have mourned had the boy and his despairing cry been swept away together.

The officers of the Equinox paid little attention to the boy, and it must be admitted that his small gray eyes, with their oblique glances, and the dark eyebrows always drawn down in a frown, and the disdainful expression of his lips, scarcely pleased in his favor.

But a young ensign had taken pity on the youth, and Julien had felt the heavenly balm of this sympathy.

"If I ever get a chance, I will do you a good turn," he often thought. But he took every possible pains to prevent the young officer from even supposing that he had found grace with his stormy character and unbending pride.

On the evening after Julien's involuntary bath the Equinox touched at Cadix. The cabin-boy received permission to land, and profited by it at once. As he returned on board he met the ensign who had shown him such marked kindness. He heard a sailor say: "Oh! it is only the cabin-boy!" and he felt like palliating the brutality of this remark by some kind words.

"Well!" he said, "My lad, you got a good wetting the other day."

"I believe you, lieutenant," continued the ensign, "you would not have perched yourself in such a careless way, and you would not have fallen into the sea."

died without ever having given me a smile, and I never knew her carcase. I think she felt like reproaching me with the life which she had given me. And the woman who replaced her—as for her—she hates me, and it was to get rid of me that they made me a cabin-boy."

Amazed at finding himself so comely, Julien was seized with sudden regret and moved away without even waiting to hear what the ensign might say.

"It can't be that he likes me," thought the boy: "it ought not to be so what am I to him? And yet a little reflection would do me so much good!" And he hung his head and wept.

"No!" he murmured, as his pride came surging back, "no one will ever understand me. It wouldn't have soiled his honor if he had shaken hands with me. Bah! I will think no more about it. No like him more than any one else—there is no better than the others—perceives me."

This perhaps was an immense consolation for Julien: for his sombre and suspicious character inspired him with disgust for all his fellow-creatures.

It was not his fault. Events which had followed each other with startling rapidity in his young life had aged and embittered him.

Born on the border line of opulence, Julien had never known any of the pleasures of wealth. His father was a rich tradesman in partnership with a man younger and keener than himself, and traveled for their joint account, while the partner conducted the business at home.

Julien had found a way to the good graces of Julien's father, and to make the wife look not unkindly upon him. This sprightly and beautiful woman, much younger than her husband, had not failed to perceive the superiority of the partner.

One day her husband went away confident and happy, on a long tour, after bidding an affectionate adieu to his wife and his daughter, a pretty three-year-old golden-haired girl. To his partner he confided the honor of his business, to his wife the honor of his home.

Almost a year elapsed before he could manage, although he had written many times to announce his coming, to get home. But at last he came.

His little girl came smiling and bounding to him. His wife came along to greet him; but she did not smile; her eyes revealed a poorly-hidden secret.

The husband wanted to create no scandal, but he considered himself sufficiently edified as to who was the culprit, and he summoned his partner to liquidate their business at once, at any price.

His fortune was almost swallowed up in certain complicated accounts which he would not even discuss. His only aim was to be rid of his partner and his friend, cause of his misfortune.

Julien Masly had thus found in his family only enemies, thrusting upon him from his birth the pitiless bitterness of a dishonored life.

By and by the mother, who could not survive the erring wife's despair, died. The husband, whose name he bore, remarked, and then every pretense was waived of getting rid of the unhappy little being. They sent him to sea. Mayhap there would be some chance of never seeing him more.

And this is how Julien Masly came to be cabin-boy on board the Equinox.

"Am I not better nowadays, Lieutenant? I try as hard as I can to be amiable—oh! not that, Lieutenant! but for you—for you alone! Well, the boatswain left his pipe stuffed with tobacco full into my soup, and didn't the comrades laugh? You should have seen how pleased they were! Of course, a new trick played on the cabin-boy! and they are always amused at anything which hurts him."

"Not at all, Julien; it wasn't for that. The boatswain didn't do it on purpose. It would have been losing his tobacco for nothing. What the sailors laughed at was your wry face and your anger. If you hadn't pulled a face, my little friend, they would not have dreamed of laughing."

"That's easy to say; any one can see that such things have never happened to you."

And Julien regretted his momentary confession. "He saw I provoked them," he said, moving off, full of hate and bitterness: "well, I think I shall have to give him up, too—this so-called good Prince."

The Prince de Kermorvan, ensign on the Equinox, with whom Julien had just been speaking, had, in fact, remarked Julien's savage and irascible character, and had sought to soften it, but his generous efforts were thus far without result. As he was very good-hearted, he regretted his lack of success.

"What words are these, Julien? Let us see now: if you are not very happy on board, is it not a little your own fault? Come, come," added the officer, placing his hand on the boy's shoulder, "remember that we leave for France to-morrow, and that you will soon see your father, soon find your mother's arms around you. Patience. Good times will return."

"My father? He can't endure me. And my mother? I have none. She

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

day they would sail direct for Cherbourg, ensign and cabin-boy could not speak together no longer under the flag. The officer called the boy back.

"Listen, Julien; reflect more; you always give way to your first impulse. What store of regrets you will lay up if you do not change! You are the one who would hardly think you fifteen; yet you are deeply versed in things of which you should know nothing. Take care, take care! To-morrow we are off. When we reach home I shall have leave of absence for three months; then I shall resign and get married. I am advising you for the last time—unless, perhaps, we may meet again."

"Lieutenant," said Julien suddenly, "I hope you will be tranquil and happy, and that you will forget me as quickly as you can. I feel that I shall always be, on no matter what horizon, a storm cloud which every one wants brushed away. I sincerely desire for your sake that you may never see me again."

They parted after these strong words. Soon they were at Cherbourg, where they fancied they were to separate forever.

III. As the Prince de Kermorvan had planned, the expectation of his leave of absence was the signal for his resignation, and he was married at once.

He loved his young wife with all the ardor of a frank and generous nature, and he found her sentiments like his own.

They were happy. We hasten to say it, because happiness is not a durable reality. How idle it is to envy those who appear to possess it! Hardly has one begun to believe in it when it disappears.

In the last year of the second empire the black hour had sounded for France. The ignoble trampling, the provoking triumph of her enemies, echoed in the hearts of all her children and wished to serve her, according to their means and faculties.

What sublime devotion, heroic generosity, noble deeds which will remain unshaken and undimmed, blossomed forth in those days of anguish!

Julien Masly, who meantime had become a sailor on the Equinox, was sent to Fort Issy with the rest of the crew. The Prince de Kermorvan took himself away from the duties of his home and entered the service again.

The young Princess concealed from him her tears and her despair. "Go!" he said to him. "And if, alas! my heart should be broken forever, think that your sacrifice is an honor to your family—your children!"

The Prince was sent to rejoin his old companions of the Equinox. Julien had not expected this. Never had he made the least effort to discover the exact sign, and he remained isolated in his pride and hate of his fellow-men.

But now that they were thrown together again, Julien sometimes forgot his gloomy silence and exchanged a few words with the Prince.

One day, shortly before the armistice, the balls hissed, shrieked, and went around them; shells rained and burst over their heads. They were in the thick of one of the fiercest battles. They were heroic, although useless, struggles in which the sailors always showed courage beyond praise.

That day they were covering the right flank, which was the most exposed.

Suddenly Julien threw himself upon the Prince, shielding him with his body; then he fell to the earth, bleeding from skull wounds.

Julien had seen the dirt turn up a few yards from the Prince. A shell had fallen there and was about to burst. As quickly as thought he threw himself courageously between the shell and the Prince. The explosion came; it was formidable; but the Prince was saved.

"Rash boy, what have you done?" "Nothing at all, Lieutenant," faintly answered Julien, raising his hand to his forehead covered with blood. "I wished to die in your place; that's all."

"My poor Julien, your 'that's all' is simply sublime!"

The youth faintly in the arms of the Prince, who himself carried him to the ambulance, where he bestowed tenderest care upon him.

The surgeon, after examining the wound, declared that it was not very serious. Julien was to be sent to the front, Julien having skinned along the frontal bone and torn away the skin only. It was the shock to the bone which had caused the faintness.

In a few days he would be on foot again.

"How can I repay my debt of gratitude to you, Julien?" said the Prince de Kermorvan some time afterward. "You thrust yourself between death and my poor body!"

"Don't say that, Lieutenant," answered the wounded man, "for I have only a scratch."

"But you didn't stop to calculate whether you threw yourself forward like a hero."

"Please, Lieutenant," said Julien, "let us not discuss that point. When I think that they are discussing armistices, the preliminaries of peace—when I think of the shell which would have hit me if I had not been there, and if my heart were torn out. I want no peace with the blush of defeat on my forehead to accompany it. I will not have it!"

And he clutched at the sheets of his bed, and bit them convulsively.

"Poor Julien. I beg you to be calm. Do you suppose we can carry on the war under present conditions? Don't you see how unusual is the struggle? The French soldier has plenty of enthusiasm and courage; but after the cowardice and treason to which France has been submitted, wishing to continue the war would be almost like wishing the ruin of our unhappy country."

"It is because my country is unfortunate that I will neither betray nor abandon it!"

What a model wife! A model wife in whom the heart of her husband doth safely trust. She is a woman who looks after her household, and makes her hospitality a delight to him, and not a burden. Who has learned that a soft answer will turn away wrath.

Who keeps her sweetest smiles and loving words for her husband. Who is his confidant in sorrow or in joy, and who does not feel the necessity of explaining her private affairs to his neighbors.

Who respects the rights of husband and children, and in return has due regard paid her. Who knows that the strongest argument is her womanliness, and she cultivates it.

Who is sympathetic in joy, or in grief, and who finds work for her hands to do.

Who makes friends and keeps them. Who is not made bitter by trouble, but who strengthens and sweetens under it.

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